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THERE THEY ARE!
FINISH THEM THIS TIME!
KLAK!

TUROK

SON OF STONE

MIKE GARELL: Writer
MOZART COUTO: Penciller
REMMY RIBEIRO: Inker
GRAPHIC COLOUR WORKS: Colors
JADE MOEDE: Letterer
GREGG SANDERSON: Asst. Editor
MADELEINE ROBINS: Editor
BOB LAYTON: Editor-In-Chief

SSCCRRCE

FAN OUT AND HUNT THEM DOWN!
I WANT THEM DEAD!

WE'LL REST HERE UNTIL THE HONKERS GO AWAY.

IT'S "HONKYS", BUT THAT WORD HASN'T BEEN USED IN ABOUT A THOUSAND YEARS...
... AND THEY'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE UNTIL THEY FIND US.
WE SAW THEM SCORE THAT DRUG BUY AND WHACK THAT UNDER-COVER COP!

THEN I WILL HUNT THEM!
WE'VE BEATEN THEIR KIND BEFORE, ANDAR.

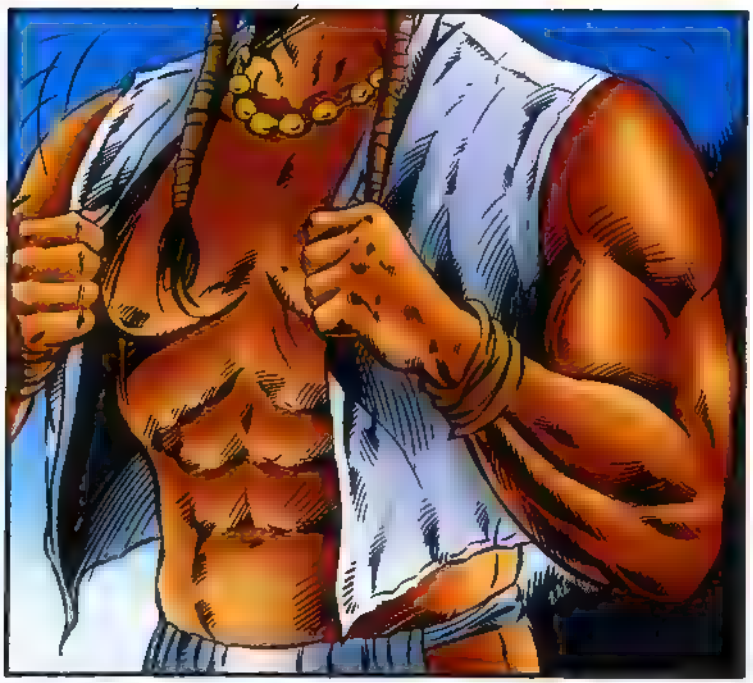
MY NAME IS ANDY, DAMNIT!
AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'D STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THAT KIND OF ODDS?

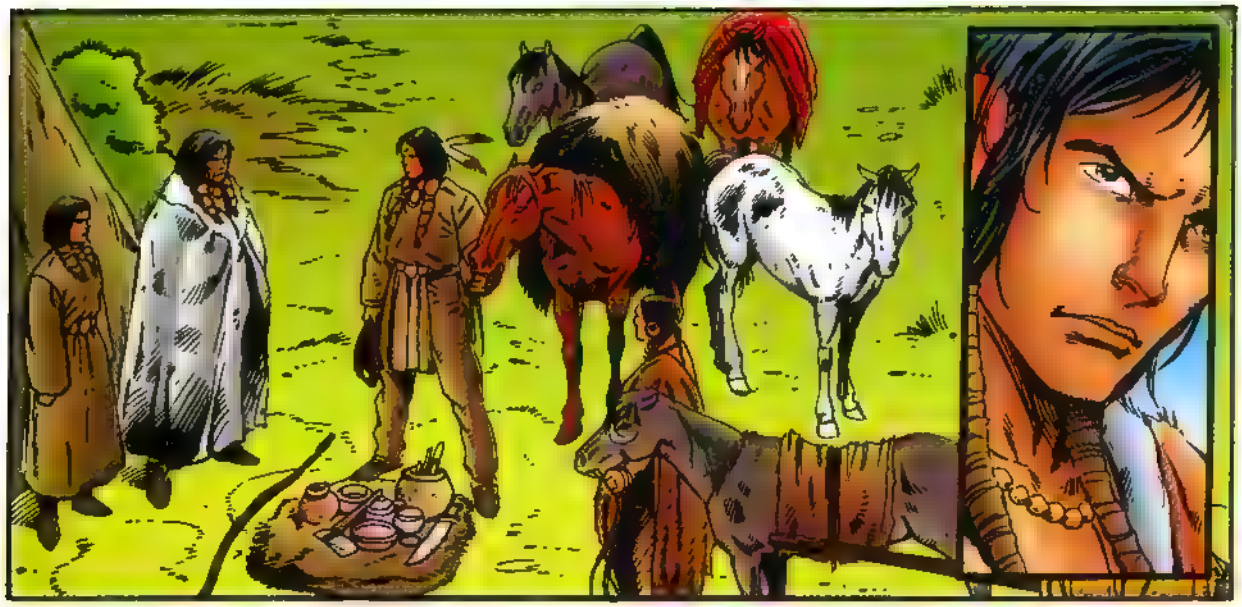
EXPERIENCE!
HEAR ME, OH MY PEOPLE! I AM YOUR SON, GONE WANDERING THROUGH THE YEARS!
I AM THE VOICE OF THE PAST ECHOING IN THE FUTURE... LOST!
TAKE ME HOME!

I WAS SORRY TO KILL YOU, MY BROTHER, BUT WE NEED YOUR MEAT FOR THE LONG WINTER AHEAD.
YOUR STRENGTH WILL NOURISH THE PEOPLE, AND THEY WILL GIVE THANKS TO YOUR SPIRIT.

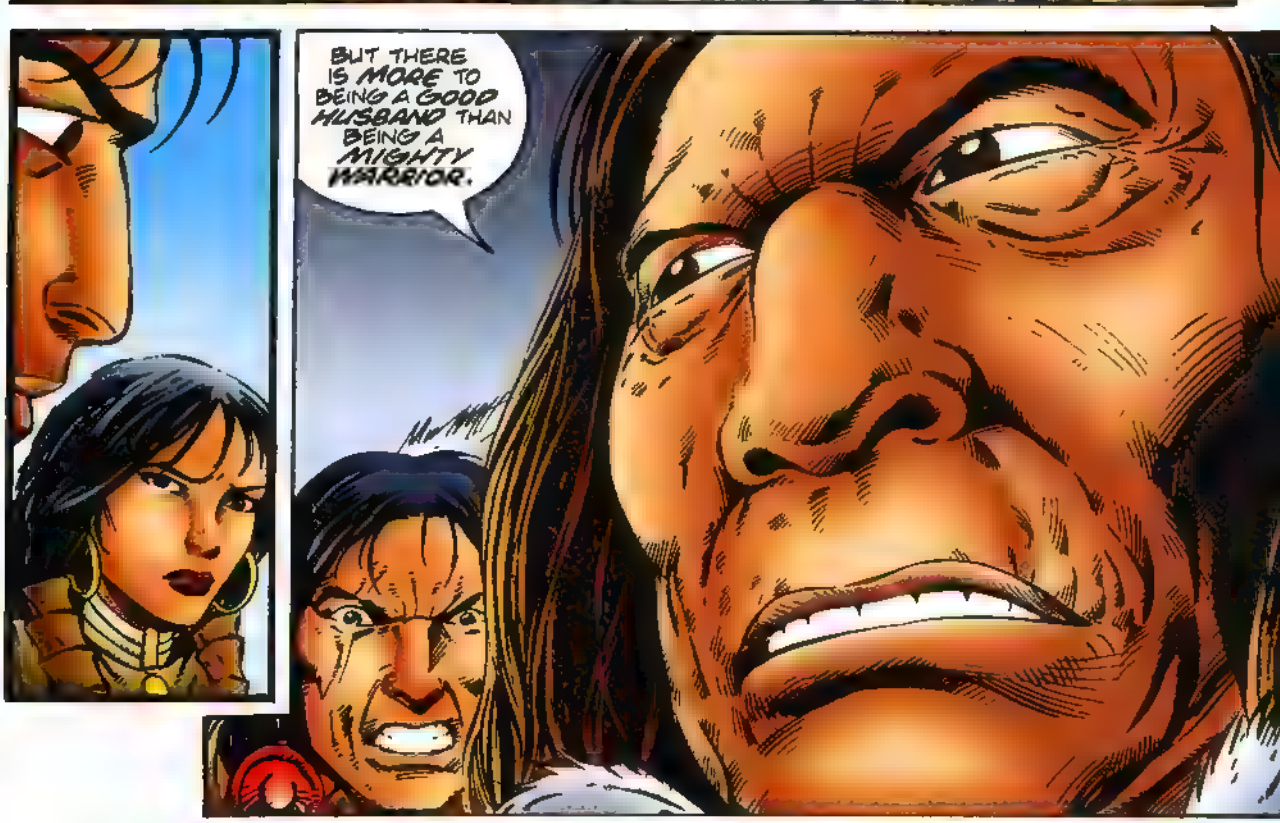
TUROK! YOU SHOT THE SMALL ONE!
THE OLD BULL IS THE HERD FATHER, QUATHA WALKING HORSE--
--BETTER THAT HE REMAINS TO SPREAD HIS SEED THROUGHOUT THE MOUNTAINS... TO SIRE MANY FINE SONS AND DAUGHTERS.
YES, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT...
...BUT HIS HORNS WOULD HAVE MADE A FINE TROPHY.
AND THEN WE'D HAVE TO LISTEN TO OLD GRANDFATHER TWO BEARS COMPLAIN THAT HIS MEAT WAS TOO TOUGH TO CHEW!
BETTER A YOUNG BULL WHOSE FLESH IS STILL TENDER.
REMEMBER NOCA, LITTLE BEAR... YOU CAN'T EAT HORNS.

THIS FINE BULL WILL FEED OUR PEOPLE WELL AND HIS SKIN WILL MAKE A GOOD ROBE TO KEEP US WARM.
YOU MEAN TO KEEP RAVEN WING WARM.
NO-- TUROK WANTS TO DO THAT HIMSELF!
YOU'RE GOING TO NEED A BIG FIRE TO WARM YOU AFTER THAT ICY BATH.!



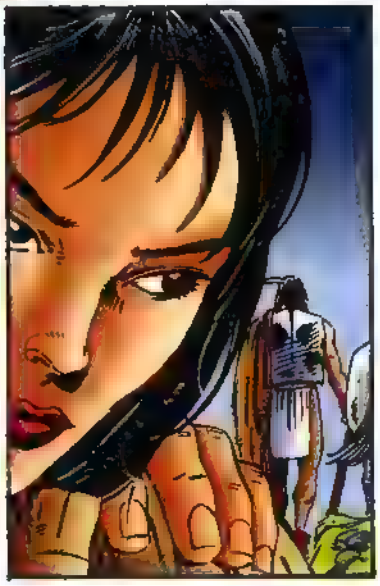


NAICHE HAS MUCH TO OFFER FOR MY DAUGHTER'S HAND.


BUT THERE IS MORE TO BEING A GOOD HUSBAND THAN BEING A MIGHTY WARRIOR.

WHILE YOU HAVE BEEN STEALING PONIES AND GATHERING TRINKETS FOR A BRIDE PRICE, THE REST OF THE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN PREPARING FOR THE LONG WINTER AHEAD.
IF I GIVE YOU MY DAUGHTER, HOW WILL YOU FEED HER...OR YOURSELF?

YOU ARE A FINE WARRIOR, NAICHE, STRONG AND BRAVE...
...AND ONE DAY WHEN YOU HAVE LEARNED TO PLACE OTHERS AHEAD OF YOURSELF, YOU WILL BE A GREAT CHIEF!
I WILL THINK ON YOUR OFFER.



YOU SEE WHAT IT IS LIKE?
MORE AND MORE THEY COME, SEEKING RAVENWING'S HAND.
GREATER AND GREATER GROW THE OFFERINGS.
IF NOT FOR NAICHE'S PRIDE, I WOULD HAVE HAD TO ACCEPT HIS BRIDE PRICE.
MANY OF THE YOUNG MEN HAVE ASKED AND ARE BITTER OVER BEING REFUSED.
I KNOW, HAWKMOON. I SEE IT IN THEIR FACES.
I LOVE MY DAUGHTER AND WANT HER TO BE HAPPY, TUROK... BUT SOON I WILL HAVE NO CHOICE.
IN THE INTEREST OF TRIBAL HARMONY, I MUST MAKE A DECISION SOON.
I WILL GIVE YOU UNTIL THE SPRING THAW, BUT REMEMBER...
...YOU MUST BRING AN OFFERING THAT I CAN ACCEPT WITHOUT DISHONORING THE OTHER YOUNG MEN.

YOU'RE LEAVING, AREN'T YOU?
YES. TOMORROW.
I WILL SEEK OUT THE PEOPLE OF THE SPOTTED HORSE AND SEE IF I CAN "PERSUADE" THEM TO HELP ME WIN YOU.
WHEN WILL YOU RETURN?
WHEN I HAVE AN OFFERING WORTHY OF YOU... OR I WILL NOT RETURN.
I COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE ANOTHER MAN TAKE YOU AS HIS WIFE.
THEN I WILL NOT SAY "GOOD-BYE"...
...FOR I KNOW YOU WILL COME BACK FOR ME.

O GREAT SPIRIT, MAKE ME STRONG FOR THE TRAIL AHEAD.
MAKE ME SWIFT AS THE HAWK IN MY JOURNEY...
MAKE ME WORTHY!
WALKING HORSE! LITTLE BEAR!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHOSE GOT HIS EYE ON A PRETTY YOUNG MAID!
YES...WE DON'T WANT TO BE OLD MEN LIKE YOU BEFORE WE HAVE FINE, STRONG WIVES TO COOK FOR US!

WHERE ARE WE GOING?
NORTH-- TO FIND THE WINTER CAMP OF THE NEZ PERCE.
EVERYONE KNOWS THEY ARE THE FINEST HORSEMEN OF ALL THE PEOPLE...
...AND THEY BREED THE FINEST HORSES ...WITH SPOTS!
THEY WILL BE DRIVING THEIR HERDS TO WINTER RANGE...
...AND WE'RE GOING TO BE THERE WHEN THEY ARRIVE!
THEN IF WE INTEND TO STEAL THESE FINE SPOTTED PONIES, WE'D BETTER STEAL THE FASTEST SPOTTED PONIES...
...OR THE "FINEST HORSEMEN OF ALL THE PEOPLE" WILL CATCH US AND TAKE THEM BACK!
WELL IF WE DO GET CAUGHT WE WILL COUNT COUP MANY TIMES BEFORE WE GIVE THE PONIES BACK.
HAHAHA! LITTLE BEAR IS AS BRAVE AS THE BADGER WHO GAVE HIM HIS NAME.
I THINK THE BEST IDEA IS NOT TO GET CAUGHT.

THAT ONE--THERE! THE HERD LEADER!

A HORSE CHIEF FOR A CHIEF'S HORSE.

I WILL TAKE HIM AND HIS MARES TO HAWKMOON, AND RAVENWING WILL BE MINE.

I WANT THE BLACK ONE WITH THE SNOW-FLAKES FOR MY OWN.

HE'S TOO TALL FOR YOU, LITTLE BEAR... UNLESS YOU LEARN TO JUMP HIGHER. HA HA HA!

"TONIGHT WHILE THEY SLEEP, STILL TIRED FROM THE TRAIL, WE WILL TAKE OUR NEW PONIES AND GO HOME."

"AND MAYBE COUNT COUP A FEW TIMES ON THEIR NIGHT SENTRIES. HA HA HA!"

VOOM!

CONTINUED
NEXT ISSUE!